THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY,

FOR MAY, 1862, will be ready this week. It contains several highly interesting and important features. ☞ For articles in Prose and Poetry, by EMERSON, HAWTHORNE, LOWELL, AGASSIZ, WHITTIER, HOLMES, and others of the best American Writers, see the JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH and APRIL NUMBERS, of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY. For sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers.

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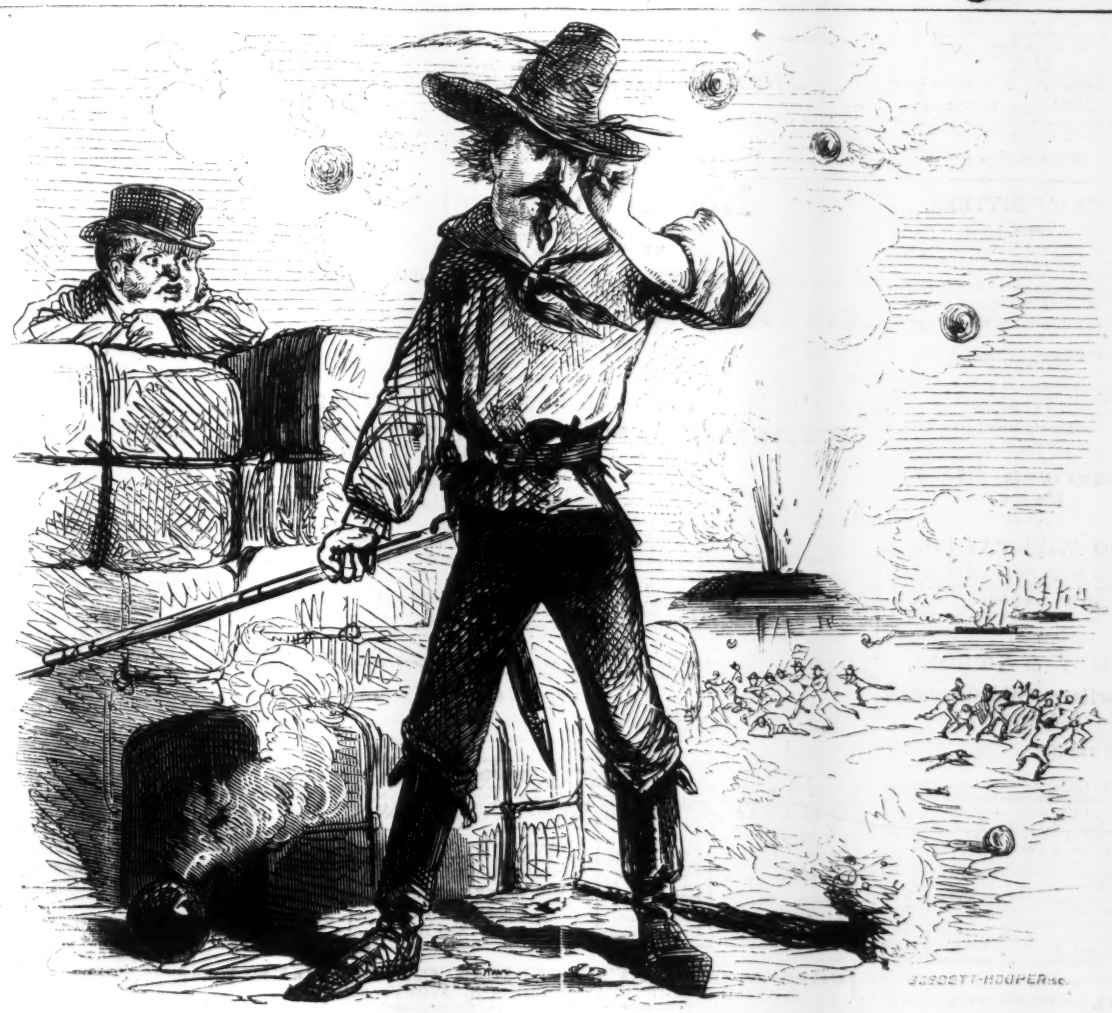
VOL. 5. NO. 121

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

APRIL 19,

1862.



THE SITUATION.

John Bull, (addressing the Confed.)—"I WOULDN'T BURN UP MY COTTON AND BACKY IF I WAS YOU; THEY MIGHT BE 'HANDY TO HAVE IN THE HOUSE,' yet!"

THE NEXT NUMBER OF VANITY FAIR WILL CONTAIN A CAPITAL LETTER FROM ARTEMUS WARD IN WASHINGTON.

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NECK OR NOTHING.

HAS the reader ever heard of a Parisian journal entitled in funny French-English *Le Sport*, which is, after a manner, the organ of fast young Paris? Intense excitement has lately been caused in the *salons* because of an announcement in *Le Sport* that white cravats—vulgarly known as "lily chokers"—are to be discarded, on account of some exalted person of fashion having been mistaken for a waiter in virtue of one of those symbols. Now, in our opinion, young Mr. FRANCE, this is letting the waiter bully you—which is by no means bully for you, you know. Why not make *him* undon the white "throttlesqueeze," if you want to wear it? A brass collar ought to be good enough for any such dog who had the audacity to allow himself to be mistaken for a gentleman. And this, not that we love the white "throttlesqueeze" more, but the roseate one which we understand you are going to substitute for it less, young Mr. FRANCE. Our private knowledge of the character of the white choker justifies us in averring that there lies at its door—or would lie at its door, if it had one—more gratuitous blasphemy than is usually to be observed reclining upon the threshold of any other entity. The tying on of the white choker has never yet been accompanied by prayer—always is it accompanied by curses. Curious oaths have originated from it. We tremble to think what clergymen may or may not exclaim, or at least revolve in their minds, as they twist on theirs. Clergymen, however, are not usually swells, on which account, perhaps, they do not all necessarily blaspheme when tying on their white chokers. It is much for the interests of morality that the article in question is about to be exiled to the Siberia of waiterdom, but we doubt whether the pink of perfection will be attained in the adoption of the proposed pink item of drygoodness. The man of gloomy character will appear in it as though he had partially effected suicide, and was awaiting stoically the issue of the last crimson gush of life's river. The lively, vociferous youth will be as to neck similar unto the neck of a bottle of pink champagne. Don't adopt the pink choker, yet, young Mr. FRANCE. What is *Le Sport* about, not to advise you better? Were *Le Sport* equal to support its assumed character, then would the historical "bird's-eye fogle," or blue silk handkerchief under the influence of a hail-storm now have its rights. Give us back, O give us back, the wild freshness of the morning of life, with its joyous larks and its bird's-eye fogles! We do not require to have restored to us the tall, stiff shirt-collar with which the fogle, when in life, was united. *That* collar was the cause of more to us than the white choker itself. But you are going to leave us, unhappy white choker, and we have it not in our hearts to be too hard upon you, particularly as there are muscadine memories about you, in connection with dinners *à la Russe*. Farewell, played-out white choker: may ALEXANDRE's and COURVOISIER's kids gambol sportively upon your sarcophagus!

B. B. B.

The cabalistic letters above stand for neither more nor less than "Billiard match between BEECHER and BARNUM," which interesting event came off at Irving Hall on Saturday evening last, according to our ubiquitous young man, who has given us a full report of the proceeding. So full, indeed, was his report, that if printed *in extenso* it would occupy rather more than all our paper, including the cuts, on which account we have thought proper to condense it as follows.

Precisely at a little before eight o'clock the Rev. BEECHER entered the room, parading, as he did so, with modest and yet stately step. He was invested in a blue and white striped shirt of a flame-colored pattern, white silk breeches, and red stockings with eight-day clocks upon them warranted to keep fast time, on account of its being Lent; and his brownish roan, or grizzly-sorrel hair was neatly plaited into a cue behind, in accordance with the Thirty-Nine Articles by which the game is regulated. Removing a chaste brier-wood pipe from his beautifully carved mouth, he saluted the magic circle with his well-known "How are *you* b'hoys?" and then seated himself upon the back of an arm-chair in the favorite attitude learned by him from M. DUVERNAY, the celebrated contortionist, with his legs tied about his neck and his hands in his breeches pockets.

Intense silence now reigned, as the throng of spectators awaited in hushed expectation the arrival of the great BARNUM. Some idea of the intensity of the silence may be formed by our readers who were not present, when we tell them that a pin accidentally disengaged from the dress of a lady in the crowd, fell to the floor with a sound like a crow-bar, badly crushing the foot of an unlucky stock-broker whose name we are not at liberty to mention. Just as the merriment created by this dreadful accident was subsiding, Mr. BARNUM made his appearance, arm-in-arm with the Belgian Giant on one side, and Commodore NUTT upon the other. It was a general subject of remark how well Mr. BARNUM looked. He was dressed entirely in a suit of brass, with acorns from the Charter Oak for buttons, and wore a large red cabbage in the upper button-hole of his coat.

"How doth the ever busy B.?" asked Mr. BEECHER, addressing the great showman almost in the very words used by Dr. WATTS, the gardener at the White House.

Mr. BARNUM replied that he felt "better," and proposed the absorption of a tod previous to commencing the game. And now was to be observed one of those fine contrasts of character which rarely break upon the world like a summer rainbow, filling it with special wonder: BEECHER selected rum for his eye-opener—we had almost said pew-opener—while BARNUM declared his preference for apple-jack.

At the request of Mr. BEECHER, the spectators were desired to refrain from applause, which, he remarked, was apt to give him a pulpitation about the heart.

The players now strung for lead, and the first shot fell to BARNUM, who missed it, in consequence of the butt of the cue coming into contact with the head of Commodore NUTT, who stood close behind him, looking over his shoulder at the game.

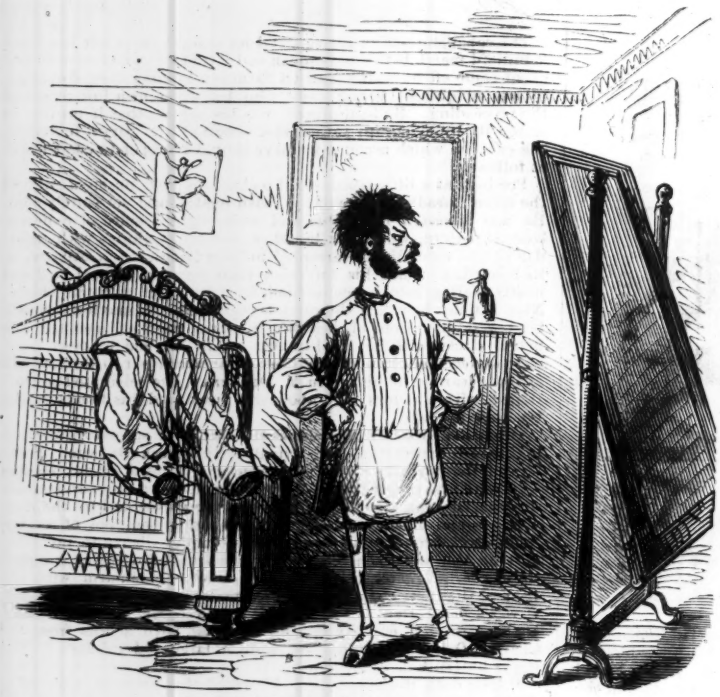
"An unfortunate miss, that!" exclaimed BEECHER; "no allusion to a certain class of visitors to your Museum, though, 'pon honor," added he, getting very red in the face at the unlucky blunder. He then made a run all round the table until he had scored 69 without a scratch, after which he got the two reds jawed, and accomplished a handsome ricochet carom off the cushion at the opposite angle. In the next run he pocketed himself, and then sat down to an elegant collation of Shrewsbury oysters upon the half-shell, while his antagonist continued the game.

BARNUM now went in for some shrewd play, mostly around the table, stopping only for a moment, to recommend the spectators to the careful consideration of his large speckled trout, the What is It? and eight million other curiosities and "objects of virtue" on show at his Museum. He then rushed up the score rapidly to an even game, when he accidentally came to an end by pocketing his ball. After this effort he appeared to be very much exhausted, perspiring freely, and some amusement was created by the circumstance of his drawing a sandwich from his pocket, by mistake, instead of his handkerchief, and mopping his brow with it.

Returning to the table, BEECHER now made several feints with his cue, followed by an artistic shot in his peculiar hammer-and-tongs style. His algebraical head now told upon the game, as he rapidly increased his lead, finally winning by a score of 500 to 702.

REMARKS.

This was one of the most severely contested matches that has ever taken place on this hemisphere. The players both belong to



A MORNING REFLECTION.

Symmetrical Youth.—"THE ONLY OBJECTION TO THE PEG-TOP STYLE OF TROUSERS IS, THAT A FELLAH'S LEGS DON'T SHOW IN THEM."

The Elegance of Jenkins.

The Reporter of the *Tribune* having been invited to eat his dinner at the New Delmonico House, exclaims: "The waiters noiseless as the images in a vision—no hurry-scurry nor perspiration!" This writer is evidently in the habit of refreshing himself in those classic saloons where they do the cooking and eating in the same apartment.

Rather Likes It.

The Rev. GEORGE GORDON is imprisoned at Cleveland, for a violation of the Fugitive Slave Law. The President has tried to pardon him, but the Reverend GEORGE refused to be pardoned, and declines to leave the jail. The only way to deal with a fastidious gentleman like this, is to take him out, dump him on the side walk, and lock the door. Then, if he breaks into jail, prosecute him for burglary.

Agriculture South.

The Charleston *Mercury* thinks that the Southern farmers should begin to raise corn for the army "as a matter of interest." We think they will be lucky if they find it so—we are sure it will never be a matter of principal.

A Proper Presentation.

Commander WORDEN of the *Monitor* has received an elegant snuff-box for his bravery in the cheese box. This is all right; for he has proved that he is up to snuff, and good at a pinch.

the class vulgarly known as "darned smart men," and our candid and impartial judgment respecting their comparative merits may be summed up in the words "six of one and half-a-dozen of the other on the half-shell." HENRY WARD BEECHER takes his cue from PHINEAS TAYLOR BARNUM, and P. T. B. takes his cue from H. W. B. If the one is happy in the possession of some albino or bleached negroes, so has the other great satisfaction in contemplating the everlasting, unbleached, woolly-headed, plank-footed, genuine African article of nigger. If the one has a huge hippopotamus, the other has a big, black hobby-horse, and expects to ride upon it to glory. If the one has a great fat woman, estimated at 600 pounds, avoirdupois, the other has a fine fat benefice estimated at we don't know how many thousand dollars, *avoir* to pay. In fine, if the one is an immense humbug so is the other.

A DISORDER AND A COMPLAINT.

For the benefit of sundry indefinite maniacs who write a newspaper at the corner of Spruce and Nassau Streets.... The *Tribune*, in point of fact....we respectfully submit the following list of telegraphic statements, made at brief intervals within the past month or so, on what the said maniacs persist in calling "the best authority"....the word of "Intelligent Contrabands."

I.—That the *Merrimac* was practically destroyed.

II.—That Island Number Ten was in process of evacuation.

III.—That Island Number Ten was taken.

IV.—That YANCEY was captured.

V.—That there were no Rebels in or about Winchester. (This statement was made within a few days of the battle there.)

VI.—That the pirate, *Nashville*, was burned.

VII.—That the pirate, *Nashville*, was captured.

VIII.—That Fort Macon was taken.

IX.—That the Rebels made a dash upon Fairfax Court-House and pillaged the Sutlers' shops.

X.—That....but we forbear. The list is long enough. The facts since proven are, that the *Merrimac* is again ready to come out and be driven back by our gallant little *Monitor;* that YANCEY turned out to be another man, who escaped after all; that Winchester was full of Rebels till SHIELDS made it too hot for them; that the *Nashville* is off once more on her mission of infamy; that Fort Macon is garrisoned by 3,000 Rebels; that the enemy dare not come within many miles of Fairfax C. H., etc., etc., etc.

In a word, no sane man who is familiar with the character of the Southern niggers, will ever pretend to believe anything they may say with an object. The slave whose chivalrous master runs away down South, follows his example inversely, and runs away up North. Ignorant and timid, he fears all sorts of unlikely horrors, and only approaches the Union lines because he dreads an unknown injury less than the certain barbarity that awaits him in Rebel camps. His first crude idea, then, is to conciliate the soldiers to whom he entrusts himself, and he knows that all men are good-natured toward the bearer of pleasant messages. The Peculiar Institution is not calculated to rear up its menials in that lofty and solemn love of Truth that the *Tribune* admires so much ....in others. On the contrary, the Gorilla of the Cotton-field is one of the best liars in the world.

The result of this condition of things may be found in the list of agreeable fictions that we have given above....the palmy creations of the Intelligent Contraband mind. The philosophers of Printing-House Square may be able to prove that the nigger is a tanned white man, and a being of the most touching ethnological integrity; but they can hardly make his news-items tally with the daily corrections that appear in the telegraphic columns of the leading journals. If correspondents and news-gatherers would like to keep the public mind healthy, let them beware of the Black Tongue!

A Political Fact.

The Italian Pope's foothold in the holy see is much more precarious that our POPE'S foothold in Tennes-see, and the reason is that the former has made a great many unfortunate bulls, while the latter has never made any.

"Coigns of Vantage."

The Counterfeit half dollars in circulation may be coins of 'vantage to the utterers, but they are quite the reverse to the takers.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Enterprising Stage Manager of that ecclesiastical kaleidoscope, Grace Church, introduced the other day a new feature in the programme in that fashionable place of amusement. With a laudable solicitude for the entertainment of the numerous patrons of the establishment, and encouraged by the great success attending the inauguration of the Concert Saloon system in this city, it was determined to open the Church as a species of semi-religious free-and-easy for the benefit of the music loving public, and the Organist. The performances consisted of instrumental and vocal music, concluding with a grand patriotic chorus, founded on the celebrated airs of "Old Hundred" and "Root Hog or Die." A numerous and fashionable audience stimulated the efforts of the performers and caused the Treasury to overflow. We are enabled by the clairvoyant prescience of our trance Medium, to present to our readers the following "affiche," which he informs us is shortly to be printed on rose colored paper in gilt letters, and posted on the dead walls of the metropolis:

G. C. CONCERT HALLS!
MUSIC — The most popular! The most popular! POP! POP!! — BALLET
ular PLACE OF AMUSEMENT in the City!!
The Management have spared
NO EXPENSE
in endeavoring to render this the
MAMMOTH CONCERT HALL OF AMERICA!!!
In order to complete the attractions of this
BOWER OF BEAUTY BOWER OF BEAUTY
A FULL AND EFFICIENT CORPS DE BALLET
has been engaged, together with a number of
THE PRETTIEST WAITER GIRLS
THE PRETTIEST WAITER GIRLS
IN THE WORLD!
The performances will commence with
an ETHIOPIAN OVERTURE by
THE EPISCOPALIAN MINSTRELS
Consisting of the STAR PERFORMERS of the profession!
After which will be given
A GRAND BALLET DIVERTISSEMENT!!
To be followed by a Medley of
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,
BANJO SOLOS, CLOG DANCES,
CHAMPION JIG, PATRIOTIC GLEES,
&c., &c., &c.
The whole to conclude with
A DARING TIGHT ROPE ASCENSION FROM THE CHANCEL
TO THE ORGAN LOFT, BY SIGNOR BRUNO
AMID A GORGEOUS DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS!

Admittance 50 cents. No boys admitted.
Tickets for sale at the door.

N. B.—Wines, liquors and cigars of the best quality, always on hand.

Uniform Depravity.

Under the head of "Army and Navy," the *Daily Times* issues a warning to hotel-keepers and tailors, putting them on their guard against spurious naval officers, "going round in the uniform of Lieutenants and Acting-Masters, in no way connected with the navy, and whose operations are calculated to bring discredit on the service."

With reference to the above, would it not be well for the Legislature, before whom a uniform Bankrupt Act is now reported, to take steps for passing a bankrupt uniform Act, by the provisions of which "confidence men" would be indictable for doing the peacock's feather business?

A RIGMAROLE ABOUT WOOD AND IRON.

Timber is floored. Even wooden cabinets and bureaus will soon (we hope) be out of fashion. Live oak is defunct. GEORGE LAW, it is said, since the late affair in Hampton roads, disclaims his old *sobriquet*, and desires to be henceforth known as Gridiron GEORGE. And why not GEORGE and the Gridiron as well as ST. GEORGE and the Dragon, seeing that the Gridiron is the more potent monster of the two? This *par parenthèse*. Never fell commodity into disrepute so suddenly, so utterly, as wood. "But yesterday," as Lord CHATHAM remarked of wooden-walled England, "and it might have stood against the world." And now what is it? Fuel! the material of a match, and no match for iron. FORREST, it is reported, has adopted a new reading in Macbeth to suit the temper of the times. When the other forest is reported to be approaching, he exclaims "Burn 'em Wood!" in accents of withering scorn. Good for the great American Tragedian! Who says he doesn't understand how to bring the legitimate drama to a Bowery level? This also is *par parenthèse*.

To return to our timber. There is a rumor afloat that wood has lost its prestige in the Navy Department, but we shall never believe that till WELLES kicks the bucket. Of course we refer to one of those oaken buckets mentioned by Woodworth as hanging in the vicinity of old wells. And, talking of kicking, the time is probably not far distant when thoughtful men will go as far out of their way to kick an oak, as tariff-hating JOHN RANDOLPH used to do, to boot a sheep.

We were told the other day, but the remark may have been ironical, that the English race known as "The Oaks" was likely to be abolished, and that all chestnuts, bays and sorrels were to be taken from the turf, and nothing but iron grays run hereafter. The railroad men are ahead of the turfmen, however, for they run nothing but gray iron.

Infected with the general prejudice schoolboys look upon the line,

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow,"

as involving a comparison disparaging to their future, and refuse to recite it. They insist upon substituting "great rams from pigs of iron grow," and the monitors approve the change. It is also proposed to rule the public schools with a rod of iron instead of the birchen instrument, but the popular mind is hardly yet prepared for this striking innovation.

Castile Soap has risen in the market simply because of its prosody, and if BARNUM'S Iranistan had not been destroyed, its name at this juncture, would have added largely to its value.

In point of fact, iron is the only ware, and so SHAKESPEARE would have said had he been postponed to the present day. It is whispered that there is a scheme on foot to make the Learned Blacksmith Secretary of the Navy. It is a good idea; as he would doubtless go at the work of remodelling the department hammer and tongs.

In the Army there is some talk of resuming the scaly mail that was in use prior to the revival of letters. We would suggest a "modern improvement" in this connection. It is this. Let the men be made invulnerable in front, but left penetrable in the rear. This plan would undoubtedly render them invincible. For who so base as to run from the foe if his back were his only weak point? Nothing so likely to insure a universal "forward movement" as to make the front impenetrable and leave the rear uncovered.

DISTRESSING FROM THE SOUTH.

Such is the state of destitution in the Confederate States, with regard to munitions of war, that fish-balls are frequently discharged from their field guns. Upon one occasion a box of sardines fell in the midst of a group of Federal officers, but was fortunately secured before an explosion took place.

After the battle of Pittsburg a soldier of the National army complained of a slight sensation of numbness, and said he suspected that he must have been wounded somewhere. On examining him, the surgeon discovered that a horse-shoe had struck him upon the chest, traversed—as horse-shoes are very apt to do—and lodged upon his back between the shoulder blades. An egg-shell had exploded upon his left hand, shattering itself with great violence, and he was bristling all over with knives and forks and pewter spoons, fired by the rebels in default of other projectiles.

The First Families of Virginia have cut the metal buttons off all their liveries, to melt down for bullets, which has caused great discontent among their pampered menials. This, of course, does not apply to *all* the F. F. V's., some of whom are not worth a button. An intelligent contraband assures us that he was a page in one family for upwards of forty years, but ran away because they wanted to reduce his regular allowance of buttons. This will be a singular page in the history of the war.

THE REBELS WILL THINK SO TOO!

More "Horrors of War."

Among letters left behind by the Confederates, when they ran away from Pittsburg, is one from a lady at Richmond, who expresses the most heart-rending anguish at a terrible calamity that has fallen upon Shecessia. All the "Italian Irons" have been taken by order of BEAUREGARD, rifled, touch-holed, and turned into small cannon, so that the ladies have had to give up all such articles as require "quilling," whatever that may be. We trust that these Italian Irons will fall into the hands of our GARIBALDI Guards, and that the "quilling" of the event may fall to our lot.

A Mortar Brigade.

The Richmond *Despatch* states that nearly all the druggists of that city have closed their business and gone into the army "until the war is over," by order of old LETCHER. We do not see why the druggists, in particular, were selected for military duty. They make infernally bad Drafts, as a general rule; but it is possible that they have been pressed into the service on account of their Physical qualifications and familiarity with Mortar practice.

On a String.

In an article upon the Irish element of the Federal Army, the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* truly says that "the name of CORCORAN touches a chord in every heart." Upon reading this, the gentleman who attends to the shillelagh department of our journal stated his opinion that "the name of CORCORAN will yet put a cord round many a thraitor's windpipe, be the powers!"

Can't Help but do it.

The Evening Post is very much afraid that MCCLELLAN will carry out triumphantly that portion of his strategic plan which he had assigned to himself, and in anticipation of his success, with its usual fairness, seeks still further to depreciate him by assuming that, if Yorktown is captured, it will be because of the peremptory order from the War Department. No doubt Mr. STANTON is just as well qualified, by reason of his legal training, to be a Commander-in-Chief of Armies, as WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT is, by virtue of his general literary abilities and poetical tastes, but in our humble opinion an ounce of BURNSIDE acknowledgment of the masterly forethought of our GEORGE, is worth several reams of pronunciamentos of a War Department, and Hymns to the Ages combined, albeit they may bear the august names of a STANTON and a BRYANT. As for WILLIAM, his imagination seems to flower again in his senility, and it would be unkind in any one therefore, at this time, to expect from so perfect a master of fancy and fiction any thing that would savor of a fact.

To Four Hundred Correspondents.

We have been overwhelmed, of late, with communications from ladies and gentlemen expiring to know whether VANITY FAIR has ever been under the control of the unctuous and urbane Mr. BROWN, of Grace Church. Also, whether Mr. BROWN of Grace Church, is not known in literary circles as ARTEMUS WARD. To these enquiries we answer in the negative. There are, or were, two Mr. BROWNS residing in New York, and by one of these, Mr. CHARLES F. BROWNE, *alias* ARTEMUS WARD, this journal was for a while ably conducted. We do not in any way mean to disparage the unctuous and urbane Mr. BROWN of Grace Church, by this explanation.

In special reply to one of our anxious enquirers—a fair one we suppose, as she appends to her note the signature "BLONDULA"—we have the honor to state that ARTEMUS WARD is quite a good-looking young man and altogether unmarried.

Lex Talionis.

The *Merrimac* being now commanded by Captain TATNALL, when she comes out again the *Monitor* (*et al*) will be justified in giving her "tit for Tat."

Fitz-James O'Brien.

WOUNDED, FEBRUARY 16, 1862. DIED, APRIL 6, 1862.

Toll, bell, with solemn knell
For him who fell in the galloping fight,
Trumpets, ring to the dead march we sing
In our hearts that cling round the spirit so bright.
Roll, drum, as the vaulted tomb
For his early doom is gaping drearily,
Cold and dead in his stony bed
Lay him who lately sang so cheerily.

Hush, hush! the memories rush
With impetuous gush on heart and head;
Speak low—none of us know
Half we forego in the gallant dead.
Plant flowers, not where April showers
But tears like ours shall keep them in bloom
And their breath impart to each kindred heart
In the crypt of which lies the Poet's tomb.

THE LAST BLAST OF THE BRAZEN TRUMPET.

AN ARTICLE BY OUR STRATEGY EDITOR.

[It having become a military and journalistic necessity, VANITY FAIR has engaged a suitable person to do up the strategy business of this admirably conducted journal. That he is competent for the post any one can determine readily on reading the following particulars. He is a man of fifty or upwards, a widower, and long a resident of a quiet little Lunatic Retreat not far from this city. He was born a fool, reared an ass, and afterward adopted the profession of lunacy in which he is now a shining light.

Upon the conduct of the war his views are panoramic and original. He believes in the sixty odd war articles, upholds McCLELLAN, understands FREMONT and some other people—all of which is more than can be said of a certain set of military editors.]

○○○○○○

The war goes bravely on! Richmond come out! McCLELLAN gives you ten minutes to repent by the watch. It is not to be supposed that any one understands what the real war policy of the Government is—but intuition teaches us that a rebellion is to be crushed. The whole South is to be tossed in a blanket. Rebels will shortly go begging round the streets of Northern cities, offering themselves like "oysters, by the quart, hundred or thousand," and no takers will appear.

The new line of defence established by the confederates is wholly untenable—they must of necessity be bowled out sooner or later. The system of warfare that the Federals are pursuing is extremely one-sided, it must be eminently unsatisfactory to the opposition.

The plan of campaign being marked out by us is one of vast beauty, and resembles cribbage—inasmuch as we stick pins as our game progresses. It commenced in earnest at Somerset. A pin was put through the rebel body there. Another pin marked Fort Henry. A third nailed fifteen thousand insects at Fort Donelson. Then the Army of the Potomac took dead-head admissions for the cattle show in Virginia, and General SHIELDS and force got front seats. The *Merrimac* was pinned by the *Monitor*. McCLELLAN sends his compliments to Yorktown, and pops the question—ironically. "Fair maid wilt thou be mine or mined?" And the Virginian city capitulates. Yorktown surrendered once before. As a general thing our boys are courting victory and cutting out death. They have a hankering after Southern hands and hearts. There is earnestness in their intent—they flirt not the cambric handkerchief of truce.

Let us explain the plan of victory now being followed.

BURNSIDE will continue to eat his usual frugal repasts in the old North State. He must set his loudest barking dogs upon all strolling intruders. He is expected to meet McCLELLAN at Richmond, for the purpose of being introduced to General HALLECK, who will be there about the same time, after reading an epistle to the Corinthians under BEAUREGARD.

General HUNTER will review the Beaufort Missionaries and witness the religious gymnastics in which they have trained the decrepid negroes of the district. If he wishes to whip anything he can do it, providing it be not of a negro pattern.

Generals McCLELLAN, McDOWELL, BANKS and HOOKER are to repair to Richmond. Dinner will be served in the Confederate Capitol at 6 P. M. on a certain day.

After the cloth has been removed the question will arise, "What has become of the Confeds?" BUELL, who will come in from Tennessee, will bluntly ask "Have any of you seen a Rebel?" Ten to one, a chorus of "Noes" will resound.

The great Union feeling will then be sought and found in all directions. Nobody will own a barred flag. No young lady will stick out her tongue at anything. The whole South will have been waiting for us to whip BEAUREGARD, tar and feather FLOYD, hang JEFF DAVIS, and guillotine STEPHENS and YANCEY. The "sour apple tree" spoken of in the song of JOHN BROWN's marching soul will then be set out. J. D. will be slung off it. After that he will be spread out considerably. Other events will also occur.

BANKS will very likely remark to HALLECK, "What did I tell you, General?" "So you did?" HALLECK will reply, "So you did! I told McCLELLAN all along that SCOTT was right! We have got them where their long hair is shortest!" About that time McCLELLAN will begin to look anxiously around, for the first time in his life. He may perhaps ask for a man named GREELEY. Perhaps he would like to say a few words to another man called PHILLIPS. Perhaps there will be more rope given them than they ever got before.

Before bed-time that night the Confederate States prospects will be wilted down, and our superior strategy gloriously proven. Boots will lower in price. Matches will again light. Tobacco will again become a matter of fact and not of history. Life will be worth more than ten cents on a dollar all over the South—and happiness may hustle misery and despair off the scene.

JONATHAN'S DREAM.

The night the news from Pittsburg come,
(Such news!) my goodness' sake!
I thought I'd *never* shet my eyes,
I'd got so wide awake.

I did, though, 'long 'baout four o'clock
And, nateral enough,
I manifactered lots o' dreams
With sech a heap o' stuff.

I travelled on the grandest scale,
Not noticein' the weather,
And saw more rebel armies flaxed
Than ever got together.

I saw the hull war eended up,
Jest like it's be'n begun:
And then the rebels up an' said
They'd o'ny be'n in fun!

And then I saw the graändist sight
That's be'n sence Adam's time!
It sot my hair right straight on eend:
I swaöw! it wooz sublime!

Fustly I heerd a noble teüne
Played by a great braäss baänd:
By gosh! I trembled like a leaf,
It rolled along so graänd!

It made me think o' the Judgment Day!—
Then come a mighty host,—
An' every man wooz as solemn-like
As ef he'd be'n a ghost.

An' more'n a thaöusan' banners waved—
Most on 'em pooty raggid,—
An' all the swoardblades I could see
Wooz rusty, stained, an' jaggid.

I thought the men stepped so't o' praöud
In spite o' rags an' dirt:
An' the praöudist of all, it seemed to me,
Wooz the ones that had be'n hurt.

Some Ginerals I knowed right off,
Becuz I'd seen their picturs:
They rode along so modest-like
They didn't seem like victors.

HALLECK, an' POPE, an' SIGEL, an' them,
I guessed the fust time tryin'
An' two pale heroes, full o' wounds.
I knew wooz LANDER an' LYON.

On a white flag I tried to read
Some names in shinin' letters:
I jest made aöut one name—McRAE—
But could'nt read his betters.

And on a hoss that stepped along
As praöud as any man,
McCLELLAN sot with serious face,
A-leadin' on the van.

And all the folks that used to know
His bizness so darned well,
Bareheaded, follered anywers,
Like sheep that hear the bell.

It seemed as ef there wa'n't no eend:
'Twooz sech a mortal string
The rear man couldn't be along
Before the last o' Spring.

And then the sky it all lit up
Like a so't o' golden fleece:
And every man unkivered stood—
For they saw the Prince o' Peace.

A Delicacy of the Season.

Our Fashionable Contributor says that the new restaurant at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street is the Delmonicoziest place in New York.

OUR FAST YOUNG MEN.

Boy, No. 1.—"GOIN' OUT BLOOMIN'DALE ROAD, ON SUNDAY, JACK?"

Boy, No. 2.—"AH! NO. THE POLICY BUSINESS HAS GONE BACK ON ME, LATELY—NO MORE HOSS EXERCISE FOR ME!"

An Aspiring World.

During our short but comprehensive career, we do not remember to have noticed anything more amusing than the attempt of the *World* to provoke the Secretary of the Interior to sue it for a libel. CALEB! VANITY FAIR solemnly begs you not to do it. We know that they have charged you with "malfeasance in office;" and so they will charge you with cheating your respected grandmother, if they think it will put the case of *The Secretary of the Interior v.* The *World* upon the docket. They would give all the money they have got or could borrow, to see the Sheriff walking into their office with the writ to-day. The Secretary of the Interior should be inwardly calm, and superior to exterior assaults. Restrain yourself, Honorable Sir! It is VANITY FAIR advises you, and we are never wrong.

"I am Destitute."

The *Tribune* sagely observes that at New Orleans the Rebels feel the want of gun boats. We have no doubt of it. A good dose of gun-boat would do 'em good. We are so charitable as to hope that they will not have to wait long for it.

Unnecessary Trouble.

We are grieved to read that the Rebels are burning their tobacco. If they will only send it to us, we will engage to burn it for them, and find our own pipes.

Subject to Bile.

The "sick man" of the South, who has taken to "biling down" his bells, his buttons, and everything belonging to him that will melt, for projectile purposes.

YOU'RE ANOTHER!

We do not dislike the Rev. BELLOWS. He is a liberal man, and a talented man....something that one does not stumble over every day in the clergy. He is never afraid to laugh. He speaks plainly. He likes the theatre, and is not ashamed to say so. Altogether, if it can be of any service to the Rev. BELLOWS to know that we are favorably disposed toward him, we are glad to let him know it.

But we must qualify this disposition by a few words of exception. The Rev. BELLOWS has been giving us a lecture on Manassas, and we are going to give him a lecture too. These words occur in a *resumé* of his address:

"He, too, heard the stories about the barbarity of the Rebels, in burning the bodies of the dead Union troops, making toys of their bones and drinking-cups of their skulls. He saw several bodies but partially buried; the heads and feet were absent in almost all cases..... But he declared these stories very much exaggerated. They had to hunt for hours before they saw these evidences of Rebel barbarity," etc.

All this we are greatly pleased to learn. The blood of the North has been sickened by the tales of nameless outrage and sacrilege that have filled the papers since the occupation of Manassas by our army; and it is a relief to have the word of a more truthful man than an "own correspondent," that the facts are not so horrible as we had supposed. But what shall we say to this?

"*He himself exhibited a skull and bone, dug up on the field.*"

Now we have good and gallant friends in the army. Perhaps the Rev. BELLOWS has, also. The idea of their bones being outraged by conversion into pipes and knife-handles is disgusting and abhorrent to all our nicer sentiments. And how about the exhibition of these poor fragments of humanity at the desk of a light and semi-humorous lecturer? Does not this, too, smack of barbarity?

The skull and bone in question belonged, at one time, to somebody's brother, somebody's father, somebody's husband, it may be. Which would the Rev. BELLOWS prefer, that his father's skull should be made into a tankard by Private SNOOKS, or made into a raree show by a gossiping parson? It is not impossible that the dead soldier's mother or sister sat in the audience and listened to these too well-illustrated comments on "barbarity." Is it a pleasant thought?

A little further on, the report says:

"He described the desolate condition of the ravaged houses of the flown Rebels, the desecration of family relics, the destruction of works of taste and art. *He himself had secured a copy of* 'THUCYDIDES,' *to which he helped himself.*"

We are fain to believe that our army had nothing to do with the desolation of these ravaged homes. The rules against pillage are creditably strict, and, we are informed, very efficiently enforced. The Rebels, undoubtedly, are responsible for these hateful acts of vandalism. But it took the Rev. BELLOWS to complete what the Rebels began. They "secured"....a very mild name for taking what doesn't belong to you....the money and valuables, we suppose, leaving the cheery parson to "help himself" to the library.

Surely, if the Rev. BELLOWS always illustrates his lectures by presenting a shocking example in his proper person, we sincerely pray that he may not take a fancy to lecture upon Murder, Incendiarism, the Statistics of Crime, or any such topic.

Nothing more Needed.

The following announcement suggests a hopeful state of things in Rebellia.

"The New Orleans Crescent says that they shall need at least 800,000 men including the militia to repel the Northern invaders. It therefore suggests that all the lands of the cotton States will be needed to raise food for the army."

If the Confederates go on needing at this rate, they will soon Knead everything except flour.

By an Artisan.

"In some professions there is a good deal more Justice shown than in others: for instance, there are the Dock-Builders....they are always Judged by their Piers!"

"BELLS! BELLS! BELLS!"

A Peal of bells is a good, square kind of old thing to have, and suggestive of much that is poetical, sentimental and songful. But an Appeal for bells now comes before our notice for the first time, and that in connection with things rather the reverse of charming. It appears that the Ordnance Bureau of the Confederate government, with the sweet piety so characteristic of Secessia from its birth, has resolved to compile a new code of Cannons for the Church. For this purpose the O. B. has issued an appeal to the people of the South, asking for a "loan" of all the spare church and other bells, for the purpose of casting therefrom guns of the light artillery pattern. Fire bells will be thankfully received, and, of course, liberally offered; as they, and bells that have been used for sleighing, will come in very nicely in the capacity of cannon, to which fire and slaying are, it may be said, natural, and pleasant, and cheerful. If the ancient Romans, in their stolid ignorance, chose to call war *bellum*, how much more justifiable would it be for the modern Rebels, in their ditto, thus to designate their contemplated butchery with bell-metal! A report has been circulated that Miss MATILDA HERON has offered her "Belle of the Season" to the Federal Government, as an offset to the rebel gun-bells. This is not correct, however. The rumor originated from a newspaper statement that the Piece was very well Cast on its production here, and Went Off with great éclat. "Bells! Bells! Bells!"—We think we hear the knell of Rebellion in the Rebels appeal for them.

THE CENSORSHIP.

The beauty of the Censorship is this—good people mark it—
It blindfolds all the loyal North and stuffs our ears with cotton,
And while, as upon tenter-hooks, it leaves us in the dark, it
Allows the traitrous South to get the news they need to plot on.

It exercises strict police o'er all our lightning high lines,
And gags to silence absolute five hundred patriot journals,
While under ground, by day and night, are worked the Southern spy lines,
Transmitting each important fact to Rebeldom's diurnals.

The doings of our Northern hosts we learn from Southern sources,
Through them we get the whereabouts of all our gallant war folk;
The very hour when BUELL'S host neared GRANT'S outnumbered forces,
We first knew by a flag of truce from better posted Norfolk.

So please you Minister of War, remove the vain restriction,
We know you for a statesman shrewd, with all the "late improvements;"
But do not leave the patriot North to fancy and to fiction,
While Treason gets the earliest hints of all the loyal movements.

McCLELLAN, had you KENNEDY and his police detective,
They'd stop full soon JEFF'S private mail from this side the Potomac;
Not through the *press* does Dixie learn your purposes prospective,
Look out for traitors nearer home tis *they* inform the foe, MAC.

A halter for each Judas knave, but for the press no fetters;
Guard well the lines, see no false friends with rebels hold communion;
Death to all spies, a felon's death, and death to their abettors,
But let alone the Fourth Estate the bulwark of the Union.

The Bully-boy of Antiquity.

The Minotaur.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MC ARONE.

WASHINGTON April 8th.

DEAR VANITY:—I am recoiling for a spring....
Let JEFF DAVIS prepare for a Fall!

My recent string of brilliant victories has earned me a brief period of repose! but I devote the hours of rest to the labors of preparation.

This has given me the reputation I bear.

It has also been productive of emolumentation.

The other day, as I was chatting with General MCCLELLAN on the steps of Fairfax Court-House, and giving him some unimportant instructions (it is not true that GREELEY plans all of MAC's movements), we saw approach a tall and commanding figure in the splendid uniform of a Major-General of Zouaves.

His shell-jacket was of crimson cloth, with golden flowers; his ample trousers of blue and white striped cachmere fell in stately folds over white kid gaiters with golden bell-buttons running down to his large but brilliantly varnished shoes. His sash, of straw-colored satin embroidered with silver, contained two pearl-handled pistols, set with emeralds. His sword had its pommel encrusted with diamonds as large as peanuts: and, altogether, his clothes were nicer than mine....

And that is saying a good deal.

As he neared us, we recognized him. and saluted.

It was Honest ABE LINCOLN.

"Good morning, Boss," said I.

"How are you?" remarked he.

"Take you the field, this morn, Sire?" asked I.

"We do," replied the Commander-in-Chief. "But first, good MCARONE, we wouldst tender you our thanks for services which do honor alike to your head and heart!"

"Don't mention it, colonel...." I began, embarrassed as usual, at any just recognition of my true worth...."it's no consequence, I assure you...."

The President waved his lily-white hand, imperiously but graciously.

"Hear us," said he. "'Tis now some angry moons ago, we bade you smote and slew the Rebel in his rocky lair. Thou didst, and well. O'er hilly vales and barren woods hast you pursued the foe. Your sword was wet...'tis rusted with the traitor's blood. O, MAC, I love thee....you're a hunkey boy."

This solemn peroration....this rightful tribute to my humble genius....was one too many. I burst into tears.

MCCLELLAN patted me on the back and tenderly bade me dry up.

"Sire," I sobbed, "the man which does not do thy bidding and his duty, is all unworthy of the name of man or beast."

"Be calm," remarked LINCOLN, brushing a diamond drop from his own eyes with his sash. "Accept our blessing and this real estate. 'Tis little, but we shall do handsomer anon."

So saying, he handed me a parchment scroll, and strode away.

It was a sheriff's title-deed to the town of Albany in New York State.

"I'm much obliged, sir!" I shouted after him....

But the East wind, roaring in gusty cadence down the lonely plain, bore my voice idly across the wold, unheeded and unheard.

This is but one of the thousand evidences that I receive every week, of the estimation in which I am held here.

Everybody likes me....

I don't wonder at it! See what I can do.

They consider me a man of better moral character than RUSSELL, of the London *Times*, and it is conceded that I am more grammatical than GALWAY, of the New York ditto.

Don't you think it would be a neat and happy compliment for the Publishers and Proprietors of VANITY FAIR to present me with a magnificent sword, of the most elegant design and costly execution? If you entertain the proposition, do not spare expense. Put a great many diamonds on it, and other precious stones.... big ones.

....And have the blade made very flexible, so it can go Up the Spout easily....

As a general thing, when a fancy sword is presented in this way, the recipient foots the bill, and gets up the whole affair. I know several young fellows who make a good thing by hiring out, at so much a night, to represent respectable presentation-committees.

Nothing, however, but a genuine sword and presentation, without expense to the recipient, can be acceptable to

MC ARONE.

Balls the Rebels don't relish.

Foote-balls.